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Republican National Ticket.

For President, BENJAMIN HARRISON, Of Indiana. For Vice President, LEVI P. MORTON, Of New York. FOR PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS. Robert McLean, of Klamath County. Win. Kapus, of Multnomah County. C. W. Fulton, of Clatsop County.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1888.

NAST IN THE LISTS.

Nast has been in retirement for some time, but it has been reported that he was about to re-enter the lists and lend the aid of his alluring pencil to the invincible republican hosts in this stirring campaign. It is true he is at work again, but some evil genius has prompted him to take the wrong side. A cartoon with the familiar signature, "The Nast," appears in a democratic journal, (the New York Star) its design and wonderful minuteness of detail. "Our Infant (Industries) Amusements, in Politics," is the object of his satire, which he presents in the form of a jack-in-the-box, labeled, "British free trade-British gold." A stealthy figure behind the box, partly concealed, has just touched the spring, and a horrifying figure, representing the British lion, with tail and mane erect, and eyes and fangs to scare the most valorous, fills the foreground. Placards on the wall further convey the artist's meaning: "NOTICE—Americans please be frightened, signed, Infant Industries." "British ghost stories warranted to frighten the innocent people." A scare-crow to the left of the picture, with under linen for sole clothing, bears the legend, "Bloody Shirt Played Out."

The conception is vigorous and the composition striking; but we can only regard it as talent prostituted. The inimitable cartoonist who afflicted Horace Greeley in his ill-conceived "Liberal movement," worse than a dozen able editors, is worshipping false gods, and his recusey suggests the damaging suspicion that his venal palms have been crossed with British gold.

SAVINGS OF THE FATHERS.

General John A. Logan, 1876. Now, when the gentleman, who seemed to be the protector in an especial manner of the great labor interests of this country, speaks of this protection being the protection of the labor of this country, I ask him: Does not every farmer and mechanic in this broad land make use of iron in all kinds of labor? The 4,000,000 men that have been freed recently are laborers, are producers, not manufacturers. They are not men of skilled labor; they evidently are not men who are protected. And then there are the men in the northwest who produce corn, wheat, oats, pork and beans, etc.; they are producers and consumers, and are not protected; and it is they who pay this large amount of money into the pockets of the manufacturers of this article. And when a gentleman stands upon this floor and tells me that this high, this extraordinarily high tariff is for the protection of the laboring men, I tell him I do not understand how he can possibly substantiate such a theory.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria

The New York Herald felt foul of the Pittsburg Leader for indulgence in scandalous gossip. This latter sheet has made a discovery which will warrant its editor in taking rank with the renowned C. Columbus. The discovery "is spread very thin over four columns of space," says the metropolitan censor, "until it resembles a small piece of butter on a large slice of bread." This important discovery is none other, to quote from the Herald again, than the blighting fact "that the popular and lovely lady of the white house is in some blind, indirect and far away manner related to Wife No. 19, Amelia, one of the fractional spouses of Brigham Young." Upon this paralyzing discovery, the Herald makes the following caustic comment:

Well, if Brigham were still alive we should feel tempted to send him our congratulations by telegraph. To the descendants of No. 19, if any of them breathe the air of this weary and wicked world, we confess that we are profoundly envious of their consanguinity to the far and gaudy lady in question. The honor they enjoy is one which any American would proudly prize.

The misinformation of these leading journals on Utah affairs is truly afflictive. Time was, in the days of the historic pony express, when the Herald maintained its "Utah editor," the devout and learned Elder T. B. H. Stenhouse, author of the Rocky Mountain Saints, and a successful propagandist in foreign parts. It is enough to make this zealous churchman turn in his coffin to hear of that rebel of the harem, "Wife No. 19," the peerless Ann Eliza, being confounded with Amelia Folsom, a rival spouse, the audacious belle of Omaha. The latter was ambitious and the prophet vain-glorious, and when this attractive female accepted his suit, there was rejoicing in Zion over so charming a conquest. The holy man could rule a kingdom, but his score of wives were a thorn and a tribulation. The fair Amelia could not come down to the humdrum of the prophetic household; and Wife No. 19, in her pleasant, gossipy memoirs, tells with spiteful unctious of the irate Amelia hurling a sewing machine down stairs on the head of her sister-in-law. She is restrained, and to save his populous harem from hopeless demoralization, the prophet built an elegant abode for his recalcitrant wife, known as the "Amelia palace," which a late Salt Lake dispatch enumerates among the valuable bits of church property, sequestered to the United States and turned over to Receiver Dyer.

To assail President Cleveland on the assumed kinship of his charming wife with this Utah virago, is a small business even for partisan politics. It may please the little fellows who betake themselves to ten-table scandal, and it will do the object of their feeble assaults no harm. As the Herald editor says: "Mr. Cleveland, in a campaign like this, is fair game. Hammer him, poke fun at him, scold, fret, fume at him, pulverize him if you can; but remember that Mrs. Cleveland is not running for office." This is discreet counsel, and reminds us of wisdom crying aloud in the street; but these small wits will not regard it, they must still make court scandal take the place of argument.

AN ELOQUENT ADVOCATE.

"The eloquent Anna Dickinson," we are told, "has volunteered to take the stump in the interest of the republican party." This distinguished citizenship has been some time in retirement, and it is to be hoped her temper has mellowed with the flow of years. The last time she was prominently before the world was as leading lady on a New York stage, when she roundly abused the newspaper critics for disparaging remarks of the drama her inventive genius had created. This editor listened to a lecture given by the gentle Anna, some years ago, wherein she treated on political subjects, and found occasion to speak of General Hancock, "as a jelly of a man." As this illustrious soldier had been this writer's corps commander in the Virginia campaign, and his successful daring was a cause of becoming pride to all in his command, it struck us as grossly unbecoming in this boudoir critic to disparage so distinguished a battle-scarred veteran, and we have never fully forgiven her remark. We trust she has since cultivated the amenities of public discussion, and that prevalence and persuasion may flow from her honeyed lips. It will be well for this gifted lady ever to bear in mind the homely truth "that molasses catches more flies than vinegar."

"DRINK TO PLEASE ME."

VARINA JACKSON.

The day had been most beautiful; now that the evening had closed in, it seemed more lovely than ever; the moon had risen and all nature was dressed in splendor. The Gray's cottage was brilliantly lighted and draped for a bridal party. In one parlor sat Ella Gray and Frank Baker, who were soon to take the marriage vow, while the other parlor was filled with invited guests and the generous display of wedding presents.

At last the folding doors were thrown open, the minister took his place, and, with a few brief words and promises to love and honor, Ella Gray and Frank Baker stood before the company as husband and wife. After the congratulations, they all repaired to the dining room where supper was served. As the wine was passed around, Frank pushed his glass to one side without tasting it.

"Won't you drink your wine, Frank?" "No, I would rather not." "Please do, just this one glass, the rest all drink theirs."

"No, Ella, that was mother's dying request, that I should never taste any intoxicating drinks."

"And you promised?" "Yes; just as she was dying, I made her this promise and I do not wish to break it now."

"But just one glass can certainly do no harm; take it to please me."

The pleading looks of his young bride touched him, and he took the glass, raised it to his lips, then set it down with out testing, and turned away.

"Why won't you drink it, Frank? One glass can't hurt you; so please take this one," and she handed the glass to him again.

Without a word he took the glass and would have drunk, but just as he was putting the wine to his lips, old Uncle Henry arose from his seat and cried, "Stop!" all eyes were turned toward him.

"Please, Frank, let me tell you my life's story before you take your wine. I was once a clerk in an extensive drug store, and my salary, bright prospects, and a heart light and free as the wind that blows; I thought I was and ever would be the happiest man alive. But what crushed my spirit, blighted my fairest hopes and dragged me down to what I now am—a poor, miserable, broken down old man?"

"What was it? Shall I tell you? It was a glass of wine handed round at a bridal party, handed to me by the girl I loved, and she was once my wife. 'Drink, Henry, to please me,' was her smiling request, and I drank; I could not resist the pleading look and words but drank the wine to its dregs, and from that moment I have been a ruined man. And not my life alone but the life of the girl I married was made miserable by that one glass of wine. 'Drink, Henry, to please me' is what blighted my life for all time to come. 'Drink, Henry, to please me' is what blasted my wife's hopes, is what broke her heart and dragged her down to an early grave; 'Drink, Henry, to please me' is what did all this. Now, Ella, will you urge Frank to take his wine? Think of your happiness and his in the time that is to come, and never forget what harm a single glass of wine may do."

By the time Uncle Henry had finished speaking all eyes were wet with tears, and Ella was sobbing like a child; but when she could command her voice so as to speak she promised that she would never ask Frank to drink another glass of wine, and she ever after kept her word. The wine was taken from the table, and she never set it before her guests again.—"Union Signal."

The King of the Belgians has expressed a deputation from the London International Missionary Conference his anxiety to do all in his power to protect his Congo subjects from the dreadful evils of strong drink, and he invoked the co-operation of the Christian people of Europe and America in the attempt to suppress this most injurious traffic.

There is but one effective way of dealing with the rum power, and that is to crush it, destroy it, exterminate it. It is a traffic, but not a legitimate business. It supplies no real and proper human need, but simply panders to vice and crime. It is an evil without one redeeming trait, one logical excuse for existence,

save to minister to human depravity. The work of personal temperance effort must be supplemented by the state reaching out its powerful arm to pulverize the rum power.—Toledo Blade (Rep.)

When Baby was sick, We gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, She cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, She clung to Castoria. When she had Children, She gave them Castoria.

A CARD. Having sold my office and practice to Dr. J. T. Mason I cordially recommend him to my patrons and the public in general. I shall remain at the office with the Dr. for a few weeks. DR. J. C. BYRD. 8-18tf.

School Notice. The public schools in school district No. 24, will open next Monday, Sept. 3d. Parents should see that their children have certificates, which may be obtained of the clerk at his office with Willis & Chamberlain, Opera House block. DAVID SIMPSON, Clerk. 158t-d.

Afternoon Class. Mrs. DePrans, afternoon class will meet (by kind permission) at the residence of Mrs. I. R. Moores at 3 o'clock and in the evening 7:45 at Mrs. Asa McCully's. All persons interested are requested to be on hand for the first lesson. Residence still at Mrs. Riley's.

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